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A garland of new songs

Newcastle upon Tyne

[179-?]

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Control Number: AAH-9673
OCLC Number : 04915262
Call Number : W 381.52S G183m GARWO
Title : A garland of new songs.
Imprint : Newcastle upon Tyne : Printed by J. Marshall, [179-?]
Format : 8 p. ; 15 cm.
Note : Without music.
Note : Cover title.
Note : Title vignette.
Note : With: A garland of new songs : Muirland Willie ... Newcastle : Printed by J. Marshall, [179-?]. (381.52S G183m GARAL)
Contents : The world's a stage -- The Yorkshireman in London -- Britannia, or, The death of General Wolfe.
Subject : Songs, English. Subject : Chapbooks, English.
Added Entry : Marshall, John, printer, of Newcastle upon Tyne.

MICROFILMED BY
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Film Size: 35mm microfilm
Image Placement: IIB
Reduction Ratio: 8:1
Date filming began: 8/29/94
Camera Operator: AZ

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301 52S
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W 381.52 S-G183m 75232 W

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A

GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS.

Muirland Willie
Maggy Lauder
As I walk'd by myſelf
Sandy o'er the Lee

Printed by J. Marſhall,
In the Old Fleſh Market, Newcaſtle.

here may alſo be had, a large and interesting Collection of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Hiſtories, &c.

Muirland Willie.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland Willie came to wo
Tho' he cou'd neither ſay nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
Maggy I'ſe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yad as he did ride,
Wi' durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' miekle pride,
Wi' miekle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I' m come your doughter's love to win,
I carena for making miekle din;
What anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye lig
down,
I'll gie you my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal,

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Now wooer, ſin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town;
I think my doughter winna gloom,
On ſic a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtep'd into the houſe,
And wow but he was wondrous crouſe,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owſen in a pleugh,
'Twa gude ga'en yades, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;
I ſcorn to tell a lie;
Beſides, I hae frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
Wat on him ſhe didna gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And grip'd her hard about the waiſt,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid I'm come here,
I'm young and hae enough o' gear;
And for myſell you needna fear,
Troth try me whan you like.

He took aff his bonnet, and ſpat out h
chow,
He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden bluſh'd and bing'd ſu law,
She hadna will to ſay him na,
But to her daddy ſhe left it a'
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her daddy and tell'd him this
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na ſay me na,
But to yourſell ſhe's left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But ſic's I hae, ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c,

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk kye
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, mak haſte, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome lad and laſs;
But ſicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs John ty'd up the marriage-bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
They glanced in our ladses een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and ſic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrels they did never blin',
Wi' miekle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Maggy Lauder.

WHA wadna be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, you hallanshaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladder skate,
My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses loup as they were daft
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
Or is your drone in order;
If you be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border;
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' ſpeed,
About the drone he twiſted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly ſhe could friſk it.
Weel done, quoth he; play up, quoth ſhe,
Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae ſic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimſon;
There's nane in Scotland plays ſae weel,
Since we loſt Habby Simpſon.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
Theſe ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye ſhould come to Euſter fair,
Speir ye for Maggy Lauder.

As I walk'd by myself.

AS I walk'd by myſelf, I ſaid to myſelf,
And myſelf ſaid again to me,
Look well to thyſelf, take care of thyſelf,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I anſwer'd to myſelf, and ſaid to my-
With the ſelf-ſame repartee, [ſelf,
Look well to thyſelf, or not to thyſelf,
It's the ſelf-ſame thing to me.

Sandy o'er the Lee.

I WINNA marry ony man, but Sandy o'er the lee,
I winna hae the dominee, for gude he canna be,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing,
Aye a kissing me.

I will not hae the minister, for all his godly looks,
Ner yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wylie crooks;
I will not have the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will I hae my Sandy lad, without one penny siller.
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not hae the soldier lad, for he gangs to the war,
I will not hae the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;
I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle gear,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir
For he's aye a kissing, &c.

FINIS.

II

A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

The World's a Stage
The Yorkshireman in London
Britannia, or the Death of General Wolfe

Newcastle upon Tyne:
Printed by J. Marshall, in the Old Flesh-Market,
where may also be had, a large and interesting Collection of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Histories, &c.

The World's a Stage.

THIS world's a ſtage
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in the throng;
But all is confuſion,
Mere folly, deluſion,
And, faith, nothing elſe but a ſong,
A ſong, a ſ——g,
And, faith, nothing elſe but a ſong.

The parſon ſo grave,
Says your ſoul he will ſave,
And points the right way from the wrong;
After piouſly teaching,
And long-winded preaching,
He puts off his flock with a ſong, &c.

The doctor you he fills,
With bolus and pills,
With aſſurance to make you live long;
But believe me 'tis true,
The guinea's in view,
And the reſt is all but a ſong, &c.

The ſurgeon ſo bold,
His lancets doth hold,
And flaſhes your body along;
Small wounds he enlarges,
To ſwell up your charges,
His art like the reſt is a ſong, &c.

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The ſoldier he rattles,
Of ſieges and battles,
And actions that he's been among;
His preferment and ſpirit,
Are both like his merit,
You ſee they are brought to a ſong, &c.

The maſter he cries,
See the clouds how they riſe,
Up aloft, my briſk lads, it blows ſtrong;
Boys make us ſome ſlip,
And I'll warrant the ſhip
Will ſoon reach her port in his ſong, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles.
The lawyer he ſcribbles,
And moves his melliſluous tongue,
'Twixt demur and vacation,
He'd raiſe expectation,
Then ſink your eſtate to a ſong, &c.

The merchant is bent
On his twent per cent.
To him journal and ledger belong;
Commiſſion with charges,
His profit enlarges,
'Till his balance may end in a ſong, &c.

With powder and lace,
And effeminate face,
The gay fop behold ſtrutting along;
Juſt arriv'd from his travels,
At nothing he levels,
But juſt at a dance, and a ſong, &c,

The gentle coquet,
She's all in a fret,
In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
The whole day ſhe will paſs,
To conſult her dear glaſs,
And at night die away with a ſong, &c.

The ſurly old prude,
She will ſay you are rude,
For the bliſs though ſhe ſecretly long;
But take her aſide,
You may manage her pride,
And her virtue bring down to a ſong, &c.

The courtier he ſmiles,
As the time he beguiles,
And feeds you with promises long;
He ſqueezes your hand,
And calls you his friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a ſong, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
Since we are brave fellows among;
Taste life as it passes,
And fill up your glasses,
And each honest blade sing a song, &c.

The Yorkshireman in London.

OH! gentlefolk, what do you think?
Oh! where do you think I ha' been:
I'm sure I shall ne'er sleep a wink,
I'se so pleas'd with the sights I ha' seen.
It grows very late, you'll all say,
And it's time we were all gang'd to bed,
But my feet carried me to the play,
And I can't get it out of my head,
Sing tol de rol, &c.

Odzooks! what a nation fine place!
And what waundy fine people go there:
I was never before in such case,
For I didn't know which way to stare!
On one side I see'd the gay beaux,
On t'other the ladies so fair!
Who, I'm sure, take no pride in their cloaths,
For they leave provide any to wear!
Tol de rol, &c.

But as ſoon as the play was begun, [*Wife*
Which they call'd the—*Bold ſtroke for*
I was up to my elbows i' fun,
Such I ne'er ſee'd before i' my life;
For the Quakers, they ſtuck up ſo prim,
So humble, yet ſo full of pride!
So ſolemn, yet ſo full of whim,
That wi' laughing I thought I'd ha' died.
Tol de rol, &c.

In the farce of the—*Devil to Pay*,
Miſter Jobſon, a huge clever chap,
Made his wife every order obey
By the power of his wonderful ſtrap!
So I find them that wander and roam,
Learn ſomething from all that they ſee;
I'll ſpeak to our cobler at whoam,
And get him to make one for me!
Tol de rol, &c.

Now I'm com'd to the end o' my ſtory,
I reckon it's time to gi'e o'er,
Tho' I'd like you to hear what a woory,
And ſcrawging they made at the door;
Yet to tell you the whole of the rout,
I's too late in the night to begin,
So to cut my tale ſhort,—I'm com'd out;
But the devil knows how I got in!
Sing tol de rol, &c.

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Britannia, or The Death of General Wolfe

IN a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat
Britannia fat wasted with care:
She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd
against Fate,
And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell, she had sculptur'd
around
With the exploits of her favourite lor
Nay, even the dust, as it lay on the grou
Was engrav'd with some deeds her
done.

The fire of the God, from his cryst
throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And, mov'd with her tears, sent M
down,
And these were the tidings that
"Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor
For thy Wolfe, so deservedly lov
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tu
joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but ren

he ſons of the earth, the proud giants of
old,
ave fled from their darkſome abodes;
d, ſuch is the news that in heaven is told,
hey are marching to war with the Gods.
ouncil was held in the chamber of Love,
nd this was their final decree;
at Wolfe ſhould be call'd to the army
above,
nd the charge was entruſted to me.

he plains of Quebeck with the urters
I flew,
lfe begg'd for a moment's delay:
'd, Oh! forbear, let me victory hear,
d then thy commands I'll obey."
darkening film I encompaſs'd his
eyes,
bore him away in an urn,
fondneſs he bore for his own na-
ve ſhore,
tempt him again to return.